

*K. Rosamond's Fair*

16

THE

LOVER'S QUARREL.

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THE  
LOVER'S QUARREL.

OR,  
CUPID'S TRIUMPH.

*Being the pleasant and Delightful*

HISTORY

OF

FAIR ROSAMOND,

Who was born in Scotland.

*She was the only Daughter of the Lord Arundel, whose  
Love was obtained by the Valour of Tommy Potts,  
who wounded and conquered the Lord Phoenix in a  
duel, Likewise his Marriage to the fair Lady.*



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ment of Histories, Songs, Children's Story Books,  
School Books, &c. &c.



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THE

LOVER'S QUARREL

OR,

CUPID'S TRIUMPH.

*Tune of, FLORA Farewel.*

OF all the Lords in Scotland town,  
And Ladies of so bright a blee,  
There's a noble Lady among them all,  
And of her you shall hear by me,

For of her beauty she is bright,  
And of her colour very fair;  
She's daughter of Lord Arundel,  
Approv'd his parand and his heir,

I'll see this Maid, Lord Phoenix said,  
The Lady of so bright a blee;  
And if I like her count'nance well,  
The heir of all my land she's be.

But when he came the lady before,  
 Before this comely maid came he;  
 Fortune thee save thou lady sweet,  
 My heir apparent you shall be.

Leave off your suit the lady said,  
 You are a lord of high degree;  
 You may have Ladies enow at home,  
 And I have a Lord in my own country.

For I have a lover true of my own,  
 A serving man of low degree;  
 One *Tommy Potts*, it is his name,  
 My first love, and last, that e'er shall be.

If that *Tommy Potts*, it is his name,  
 I do ken him right verily;  
 I am able to spend forty pounds a week,  
 Where he is able to spend pounds three.

May you have good of all your gold, she said  
 And ever give you good of your fee;  
*Tom Potts* was the first love that e'er I had,  
 And I do mean him the last to be.

With that the *Lord Phoenix* soon was mov'd  
 Towards the lady first he did threat;  
 He told her father, and lo it was prov'd,  
 For his daughter's mind was firmly set.

O daughter dear, thou art my own,  
 The heir of all my land to be ;  
 Thou shalt be bride to the *Lord Phœnix*,  
 If that thou mean to be heir to me.

O father dear, I am your own,  
 and at your command I must be ;  
 But bind my body to whom you please  
 My heart *Tommy Potts* shall go with thee.

Alas ! the lady her fondness must leave,  
 And all her foolish wooing lay aside ;  
 The time is come her friends have ap-  
 pointed,

That she must be *Lord Phœnix's* bride.

With that the lady began to weep,  
 She knew not well then what to say,  
 How she might the *Lord Phœnix* deny,  
 And escape from marriage quite away.

She called upon her little foot page,  
 Saying I can trust none but thee ;  
 Go carry *Tommy Potts* this letter fair,  
 And bid him on *Gildford Green* meet me.

For I must marry against my will,  
 Or in faith well proved it shall be ;  
 And tell him I am loving and kind,  
 And wishes him this wedding to see.

But see that you note his count'nance well,  
 And his colour, and shew it me:  
 And go thy way, and bid thee again,  
 And forty shillings I will give thee.

For if he smke now with his lips,  
 His stomach will give him to laugh at  
 heart;  
 Then may I seek another true love,  
 For of *Tommy Potts* small is my part.

But if he blush now in his face,  
 Then in his heart sorry will he be;  
 Then to his vow he has some grace,  
 And false to him I'll never be.

Away this little boy then ran,  
 And at full speed forsooth went he,  
 Till he came to *Strawberry Castle*,  
 And there *Tom Potts* came he to see.

He gave him a letter unto his hand,  
 Before that he began to read,  
 He told him plainly by a word of mouth,  
 His love was forc'd to be *Lord Phoenix's*  
 bride.

When he looked on the letter fair,  
 The salt tear blemished his eye,  
 Says he, I cannot read this letter fair,  
 Nor never a word to see or 'spy.

My little boy be true to me,  
 Here is six marks I will give thee ;  
 And all these words I must peruse,  
 And tell my lady thus from me.

By faith and troth she is my own,  
 By some art of promise is to be found ;  
*Lord Phoenix* shall not have my right,  
 Except he can win her with his own hand.

On *Guildford Green* I will her meet,  
 Say that I wish her for me to pray ;  
 For there I'll lose my life so sweet,  
 Or else the wedding I mean to stay.

Away this lacquey boy he ran,  
 Even as fast as he could hie,  
 The lady she met him two miles o'th' way,  
 Said why hast thou staid so long my boy?

My little boy thou'art but young,  
 It grieves me to the heart thou'lt mock  
 and scorn ;  
 I'll not believe by word of mouth,  
 Unless on this book thou wilt be sworn,

Now by this book the boy did say,  
 And I ——— be as true to me ;  
*Tom Potts* could not read your letter fair ;  
 Nor never a word to 'spy or see.



He says, by my faith and troth you are his  
own,

By some part of promise it's to be found  
*Lord Phoenix* shall not have you night nor  
day,

Except he can win you with his own hand

• On *Guildford Green* he will you meet,  
He wishes you for him to pray ;  
For thee he'll lose his life so sweet,  
Or else the wedding he means to stay.

If this be true, my little boy,  
These tidings which thou tellest to me,  
Forty shillings I did promise,  
Here is ten pounds I'll give to thee,

My maidens all, the lady said,  
That ever wish me well to prove,  
Now let us kneel down and pray,  
That *Tommy Potts* may win his love.

If it be his fortune the better to win,  
As I do wish him most heartily,  
I'll make him the flower of all his kin,  
For the young *Arundel* he shall be.

## THE SECOND PART.

**L**ET's leave off this lady fair,  
In prayers full good, where she may  
be ;

Now let us talk of Tommy Potts,  
To his lord and master for aid went he.

But when he came Lord Jockey before,  
He kneeled lowly on his knee,  
What news, what news, thou Tommy Potts  
Thou art so full of thy courtly ?

What tidings, what tidings, Tommy Potts,  
Thou art so full of thy Courtesy ?  
Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,  
Or wrought to me some villainy ;

I have slain none of my fellows fair,  
Nor wrought you any villainy ;  
But I have a love in Scotland fair,  
And I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

If you'll not believe by word of mouth,  
But read this letter and you shall see,  
Here by all these suspicious words,  
That she herself hath sent to me.

But when he read this letter fair,  
 Of the suspicious words in it might be  
 Oh ! Tommy Potts, take you no care,  
 Thou'lt never loss her with poverty.

For thou'lt have forty pounds a week,  
 In gold and silver thou shalt roll,  
 And Harvy town I will give thee,  
 As long as thou intend'st to woo.

Thou'lt have forty of thy fellows fair,  
 And forty horses to go with thee ;  
 Forty of the best spears I have,  
 And I myself in thy company.

I thank you, Master, said Tommy Potts,  
 That proffer is right good for me ;  
 But if good luck stand on my side,  
 My own hands shall set me free.

Farewell my kind Master, said Tommy  
 Potts,  
 For I am going you plainy see ;  
 If ever I come alive again  
 Stay'd the wedding it shall be.

Good be your speed, thou Tommy Potts,  
 Thou art well played for a man ;  
 See never a drop of blood thou spill,  
 Nor harm thou not that Gentleman.

See that some trace with him you make,  
 And appoint a place of liberty ;  
 Let him provide him as well as he can,  
 As well provided thou shalt be.

But when he came to Guildford Green,  
 And there he walk'd a little aside,  
 There he was aware of lord Phœix,  
 And lady Rosamond his bride.



Away by the bride then Tommy Potts went  
 But never a word to her did say,  
 'Till he the lord Phoenix came before,  
 He gave him the right time of the day.  
 O! welcome, welcome, thou Tommy Potts  
 Thou serving man of low degree ;

How doth thy lord and master at home,  
And all the ladies of that country ?

My lord and master is in good health,  
I trust since that I did him see :  
Will you walk a little with me to an outside  
Two or three words to speak with me ?

You are a nobleman, said Tom,  
And born a lord in Scotland free ;  
You may have ladies enow at home,  
And never take my love from me.

Away ! away ! thou Tommy Potts,  
Thou serving man, stand thou aside ;  
It is not the serving man this day,  
That can hinder me of my bride.

If I be a serving man, said Tom,  
And thou a lord of high degree ;  
A spear or two with you I'll run,  
Before I'll lose her cowardly.

Appoint a place I will thee meet,  
Appoint a place of liberty,  
For thee I'll lose my life so sweet,  
Or else my lady I'll set free.

On Guildford Green, I will thee meet,  
No man or boy shall come with me ;  
As I am a man said Tommy Potts,  
I'll have as few in my company.



And thus now stay'd the marriage was,  
 The bride unmarried went home again;  
 Then to her maids fast did she laugh,  
 And in her heart she was full fain.

My maidens all, the lady said,  
 That ever wait on me this day,  
 O! us kneel down she said,  
 And for Tommy Potts let us all pray.

If it be his fortune the better to win,  
 As I do trust it surely be;  
 I'll make him the flower of all his kin,  
 For young lord Arundel he shall be.

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### THE THIRD PART.

**W**HEN Tommy Potts came home  
 again,

To try for his love he had but a week;  
 For sorrow, God wot, he need not care,  
 For four days that he fell sick.

With that his master to him came,  
 Says, prithee Tom potts, tell me if thou  
 doubt.

Whether thou hast gotten thy lady gay,  
 Or thou must go thy love without

Oh! master, yet it is unknown,  
Within these two days well try'd it must  
be;

He is a lord, I but a serving man,  
I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

I prithee Tom Potts, stand thou thy feet,  
My former promise kept shall be;  
As I am a lord in Scotland fair,  
Thou'lt never lose her with poverty.

For thou'lt have the half of my lands a year  
And that will raise thee many a pound;  
Before thou shalt out braved be,  
Thou shalt drop angels with him on the  
ground.

I thank, you master, said Tommy Potts,  
Yet there is one thing of you I would fain  
And that's if I lose my lady sweet,  
How I'll restore your goods again.

If that you win the lady sweet,  
Thou mayst well afford, thou shalt pay  
me,  
If thou lovest the lady, thou lovest enough,  
Thou shalt not pay me one penny.

You have thirty horses in one close,  
You keep them all both frank and free;  
Among them all there's an old white horse,  
This day would let my lady free.

That is an old horse with a cut tail,  
 Full sixteen years of age is he;  
 If you will lend me that old horse,  
 Then could I win her easily.

That's a foolish opinion, his master said,  
 And a silly notion thou takest to thee;  
 Thou'lt have a better than ever he was,  
 Though forty pounds more it cost me.

Oh! your choice horses are wild and rough,  
 And little do they think of their train;  
 If I be out of my saddle cast,  
 They are so wild, they'll ne'er be ta'en.

Thou'lt have that horse, his master said,  
 If that one thing thou wilt tell me,  
 Why that horse is better than any other,  
 I prithee, Lom Potts, shew thou to me.

That horse is old of stomach bold,  
 As well he can skill of his train,  
 If I be out of my saddle cast,  
 He'll either stand or turn again.

Thou'lt have the horse with all my heart,  
 As my plate coat of silver free  
 An hundred men to stand at thy back,  
 To fight if he thy master be.

I thank you master, said Tommy Potts,  
That proffer is right good for me ;  
I would not for ten thousand pounds,  
Have a man or boy in my company.

Farewel, dear master, said Tommy Potts,  
Now as you are a man of law,  
One thing let me crave at your hand,  
Let never one of my fellows know.

For if my fellows they did wot,  
Or ken of my extremity ;  
Except you keep them under lock,  
Behind me I'm certain they would not be

But when he came to Guildford Green,  
He waited hours two or three,  
There he was aware of lord Phoenix,  
And four men in his company.

You've broke your vow, said Tommy Potts  
The vow which you did make to me ;  
You said you would bring neither man nor  
boy,  
And now has brought more than two or  
three.

These are my men lord Phoenix said,  
Which every day doth wait on me ;  
If any of these dare offer to strike,  
I'll run my spear through his body.

Potts, I'll run no race said Tommy Potts,  
; Except here now that this may be,  
, If either of us be slain this day,  
ny. The other shall forgiven be.

Potts, I'll make a vow with all my heart,  
d, My men shall bear witness with me ;  
v. And if you slay me heze this day,  
In Scotland less beloved thou ne'er shalt  
be.

not be They turned their horses thrice about,  
een, To run the race so eagerly,  
Lord Phoenix he was free and stout,  
And run Tom Potts through the thick  
o'the thigh.

He bor'd him out of his saddle fair,  
Down to the ground sorrowfully ;  
For the loss of my life I do not care,  
But for the loss of my fair lady.  
y Potts Now for the loss of my lady sweet,  
me ; Which once I thought to have been my  
an nor wife ;

two or I pray thee, lord Phoenix, ride not away,  
For with thee I will end my life.

id, Tom Potts was but a serving man,  
ne ; But yet he was a doctor good,  
dy. He bound his handkerchief on his wound,  
And in some time he staunch'd the blood



He leap'd into the saddle again,  
 The blood of his body began to warm;  
 He mis'd lord Phoenix's nodd fair,  
 And ran him thro' the brawn o'th arm,  
 He bor'd him out of his saddle fair,

Down to the ground most sorrowfully;  
 Said prithe lord phoenix rise up and fight,  
 Or yield my lady unto me  
 Now for to fight I cannot tell,



And for to fight I am not sure;  
 They ha' run me thro' the brawn o'th  
 arm,  
 That with a spear I cannot endure.

Thou'lt have the lady with all my heart,  
 It never was likely better to prove;  
 With me or any Nobelman else,  
 Who would hinder a poor man of his  
 love.

Seeing thou say'st so much, said Tommy  
 Potts,

I will not seem your butcher to be;  
 But I will come and staunch your blood,  
 If any thing you will give me,

As he did staunch lord Phoenix's blood,  
 Lord! in his heart he did rejoice.  
 I'll not take the lady from you thus,  
 But of her thou'lt have another choice.

Here is a lane of two miles long,  
 At either end we set will be;  
 The lady shall stand us between,  
 And her own choice shall set her free.

If thou'lt do so, lord Phoenix said,  
 To lose her by her choice, 'tis honesty;  
 Choose whether I get her or go without,  
 Forty pounds I will give thee.

But when they in the lane were set,  
 The wit of woman for to prove,  
 If I judge right, the lady said,  
 Then Tommy Potts must needs have  
 his love.

Towards Tom Potts the lady did hie;  
 To get on behind him hastily;  
 Nay stay, nay stay, lord Phoenix said,  
 For better proved it shall be.

Stay with your maidens here a while,  
 In number fair they are but three:  
 Tom Potts and I'll go behind yonder wall,  
 The one of us be proved to die.

But when they came behind the wall,  
 The one came not the other nigh;  
 For the lord Phoenix had made a vow,  
 That with Tom Potts he would not try.

O! give me this choice, lord Phoenix said,  
 To try whether true or false she be,  
 And I'll go to the lady fair,  
 And tell her that Tom Potts slain is he.

When he came from behind the wall,  
 With his face all bloody as might be:  
 Oh! lady sweet, thou art my own,  
 For Tommy Potts slain have I,

Now have I slain that Tommy Potts,  
 And given him wounds two or three,  
 Oh! lady sweet, thou art my own,  
 Of all lovers wilt thou have me?

Thou hast slain my Tommy Potts,  
And given him his death wounds two  
or three

I'll sell the deeds of my father's lands,  
But hanged shall lord Phoenix be.

With that the lady fell into a swoon,  
For a grieved woman sure was she;  
Lord Phoenix he was ready then,  
To take her up so hastily.

Oh! lady sweet stand on thy feet,  
Tom Potts alive this day may be;  
I'll send for thy father, lord Arundel,  
He and I thy wedding will see;

I'll send for thy father, lord Arundel,  
He and I thy wedding will see;  
If he will not maintain thee, I will,  
Both lands and living thou'lt have of  
me.

I'll see this wedding, lord Arundel said,  
Of my daughter's luck that is so fair;  
Seeing the matter will be no better,  
Of all my land Tom Potts shall be heir.

With that the lady began to smile,  
For a glad woman, God wot, was she;  
Now all my maids, the lady said,  
Example you may take by me.

But all the ladies in Scotland fair,  
And lasses of England, that well wou  
prove,

Neither marry for gold nor goods;  
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

For I had a lover true of my own,  
A serving man of low degree;  
Now from Tom Potts I'll change his name  
For he lord Arundel shall be.

The lady she did loyal prove,  
As many do in Scotland know;  
And how they spent their days in love,  
The second book shall plainly shew.

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**F I N I S.**



